

About Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

THE ending of the strike proved a boon to Broadway, but there is one man who is sorry it's over. He is Lute Johnson, who, until a short time ago, was writing special articles and singing tenor on the Denver Post. Lute quit the Western city and came East with a grudge of plays of his own concoction. One of these he placed with Walter Floyd, business manager for Walker Whitehead, Mr. Floyd sent it to the Equity's producing department and arrangements were under way to put it on with a wonderful cast when August Thomas jumped in and, mused the plan all up by staging a love feast of managers and Equity heads. Lionel Barrymore was to have handled a role and there would have been others of almost equal prominence in the cast. It really looked as though Denver would have a chance to throw up its sombrero and point with pride, but now the complexion of the whole matter is changed. The Equity has quit producing.

Lute Johnson will remain in New York, however, and grind out a few plays. The magazines may hear from him, also. One thing is certain—he isn't going back to Denver until he feels the town can conscientiously meet him at the Union Station with a brass band.

THE OLD RUSTED ICE-BOX.
How dear to my heart are the scenes of my strikehood,
When fond recollection presents them to view.
The grim-looking managers who on the Pike stood
Denying all rumors, as managers do.

The actors who spouted on Broadway at twilight,
The new-born Fidelity, Louis and all,
The managers' press room way up near the skylight,
And Page's dear ice-box that stood near the wall.

Refrain.
The old rusted ice-box,
The booze-laden ice-box,
The jagging ice-box
That stood near the wall.
It furnished the scribe a grand way to rout trouble,
When, footsore, he knew just the place for a rest.
A visit to Page and his woes were a bubble
That burst like the Kaiser's line cracked in the west.
The years will go flying; old scenes will be dimming,
And many of them we will fail to recall.
But I'll never forget how King Boose got a trimming
At Page's dear ice-box that stood near the wall.
Refrain, etc.

JUST LIKE CHRISTMAS.
When "A Voice in the Dark" got under way Saturday night, A. H. Woods, who owns the show, handed each of the women in the cast a five-pound box of candy and gave each male player a box of cigars. With each gift was a card on which was written:

"Welcome home! Let's all be pals!"
The players immediately decided to let bygones be bygones.

STRIKE ECHOES.
Lamb's Club is now called Local No. 1.
The big winner was Dan Frohman's Actors' Fund.
Friars Club still has a light in the window for its wayward boys.
Now let's all get back to the inter-manager arguments.

Nobody—not even a manager—would care to call him a one-hoss shay.
Hard feeling all gone? Say, they're even making up with Louis Mann.
Turkey show manager was heard saying he didn't mind paying his actors after four weeks of performances.

My man, "Nobody," nominates S. Jay Kaufman as Benny's next opponent for the lightweight crown.
If it hadn't been for just when it did Walt Messenger might have sent out "Henpecked Henry." Gosh!
Man heard last night asking why Weber called the musicians out of the show of his old sidekick, Lew Fields.

Jeff Nutt is claiming the credit for stopping the strike when everybody knows it belongs to Harry Royster.
Now Thurston's going ahead with his show. His name should attract a lot of sympathetic prohibition supporters.

Clause requiring managers to furnish chorus girls stockings needn't interfere with the generosity of the Johns.
Ivy Cobb was with the Equity from 1 to breakfast. Mighty encouraging to all actors who were getting breakfasts regularly.

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE.
We have been notified that a man named Alkenhead has a hardware store on Temperance Street, Toronto. For the best joke based on this fact we will give two tickets to the Pennsylvania Station.

HIS SECOND WALK.
When Martin Herman began rounding up the members of the cast of "A Voice in the Dark" to open Saturday night at the Republic, he located

Richard Gordon by telephone in Newark, where the actor was in charge of an Equity show.
"Come over as quick as you can," said Mr. Herman.
"Can't to-night," replied Mr. Gordon. "I'm in charge of this show."
"You walked out on us. Why not walk out on them?" And the actor walked, leaving the show in charge of somebody else.

LEVY SHOW SEPT. 22.
Abraham Levy's production of "The Little Whopper" will open in Baltimore on Sept. 22. The strike interfered somewhat with the rehearsals, but from now on the work will be pushed. The cast as originally engaged will be seen in this musical piece.

AN A. F. L. BENEFIT.
It is announced that the Actors' Fidelity League will have a big benefit performance at the Century Theatre on Sunday evening, Sept. 21. Ten per cent. of the gross receipts will be given to the Actors' Fund.

THE FEUD AGAIN.
Jack I. Braverman and Sidney Beckenstein have sent us replies to that "bummy" poem written about the Bronx poets by a Brooklynite. J. Nelson has sent us a reprimand for the Bronx amities. Braverman sweetly sings as follows:
The Brooklyn poets are a bunch of mutts,
Their domes are as hard as Brazilian nuts.

Their poems and verse are so insane,
In the head they give you an awful pain.
To say more about them I do not care,
We all know that they are full of hot air.

GOSSIP.
Hilda Vaughn has been engaged for "The Woman in the Moon" in the Fourteen Woods road shows will be under way by Wednesday night.
Vaughn Godfrey will stage the musical numbers in Stewart & Morrison's "The Little Bride."
Laura Walker is hurrying East from Oklahoma to assume her role in "Those Who Walk in Darkness."

The Messrs. Shubert will launch "The Dancer" in Atlantic City on Sept. 15.
The Greenwich Village Follies will come up town to-morrow and open at the Nora Hayes Theatre.
Marjorie East, daughter of Walter East, will make her Broadway debut in "Scandal" at the 9th Street Theatre Thursday night.

Ben H. Oberall is having a vacation at Mountandale, N. Y. He writes he misses his schnapps.
Sophie Tucker and her Jazz Snooters will begin cafe work at the same old stand Wednesday evening.
Charles E. and Harry Clay Blaney have added the Prospect Theatre to their string of stock houses.

The Jewish Art Theatre has placed in rehearsal David Pinski's "Dumb Messiah" and will produce it in a few weeks.
It is reported that Bert Savoy and Jay Brennan will be starred in a musical comedy next season.

Eva Emond, Katherine Quinlan, Lois Scott and Lucille Moore have been engaged for "The Film Girl."
Joan Bonstelle, Katherine Cornell and Marlan De Forest have sailed for England, where Miss Bonstelle will produce "Little Women" for William A. Brady.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.
Mrs. A. J. J.—Care William Harris, Hudson Theatre.
K. Arthur—There is a school in Carnegie Hall.
Eliot—Never later than August since 1907. Don't know what they did before that.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.
"Does the outja board faket?" asks Harvey J. O'Higgins. Don't know, but the table board does these days.

FOOLISHMENT.
I knew a young girl from Montclair who went for a ride in the air.
The pilot caressed her,
Which really distressed her
And gave her a terrible scare.

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.
Hans—Vell, Fritz, now dot ve are friends again here is a toast! I wish you der same vot you wish me.
Fritz—Ah, ha! Starting again, eh?

PLUCK AND RESOURCE.
OLIV ROOSEVELT never wearied of telling the story of Littledale—a story in illustration of resourcefulness and pluck. He would begin:

"During some amateur theatricals in my early youth Littledale, one of the performers, had to leap into a river in order to escape from a wild beast.
The stage was so arranged that the river was invisible. Littledale was to leap and disappear, striking a soft mattress in the wings, and at the same time a rock was to be dropped in a tub of water to create a splash.
"But, though the leap worked all right in rehearsal, on the night of the actual performance it went wrong. Neither mattress or tub was in place. When poor Littledale jumped he fell eighteen feet and landed on an oak floor with a crash loud enough to wake the dead, and there was no splashing water to drown the crash, by Jove!

"The audience, expecting to hear a splash, and hearing instead the thunderous impact of Littledale's bones on the oak, set up a laugh. But the hero Littledale, equal to the occasion, silenced them.
"Heaven's! he shouted from below, the water's frozen!"—Washington Star.

LITTLE MARY MIXUP



Anything to Be Obliging, But—!

THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY



Now Luke Is Still Sorrier!

JOE'S CAR



We Dare You to Tell Her About This, Joe!

LEAVE IT TO LOU



He'd Have a Chance to Play the "Joker"!

THE OLD FAMILY SKELETON



Uncle Abner Could Afford to Give Good Measure!